

Tyrconnel's Letter

TO THE FRENCH KING.

FROM IRELAND.

Licensed August 18. 1690.

Thrice Invincible, Thrice August, and Thrice Christian Majesty,

WHilst for many years the most thinking Statesmen have not been at a loss, nor altogether in the Dark, when they have considered, That the vast and stupendious Growth, and Preparations of the French Crown, must necessarily produce most Astonishing and unaccountable Effects and Revolutions on the Theatre of the World: Now is the Time, when your Intrepid Councils, your Irresistable Arms, yourathomable Conduct, and stupendious Alliances, are to shew themselves in the Acquest of that Glory, which must unavoidably be the Consequence of such Sagacious, Close, and Important Designs.

It is by these Inimitable Methods, that your unri-
vald Majesty hath Aggrandiz'd the Throne of France, whilst the immortal Names of Nero and Caligula, all fade and languish, when that more Tremendous Name of Lewis the Great shall be mentioned. The mighty Lewis, who sits at the Steerage of the Universe, having grasp'd the Power of the Fates in his hands, and can sink or swim the trembling Vessel at his Pleasure. This hath occasion'd some of our modern Divines to see the Deity through the *Hero*, and, with a Flattery beyond any but your own Ab-
ject Parasites, give you a Style no less Sacred and immortal, than that of the Gods of Old; There wanted nothing but the Assigning Altars, and a Ser-
vice, and you might have sat in the Pantheon, if that Company be not too much beneath your Standard.

With what polish'd Foreheads have our Jacobined

Clergy, and their inferiour Fry of Kissing Tories made the Coffee-houses and Clubs of the Town, re-
found with your unparallel'd Victories and Successes? The Glory of your Arms, the Grandure of your Em-
pire? The Wealth, Ease, and Luxury of your Vassals, have been their daily Theams, not omitting the unspeakable Happiness of those that have put them-
selves under the Umbrage of your Protection.

O! Had the Courage of their Hands equal'd the Rhodomontades of their Tongues, your Royal Alie, our Abdicating Master had again been Re-instated in the Throne of Britain, and call'd his perfidious Peo-
ple to account, for opposing his Sacred Designs of Restoring Religion to Pristine Paganism; the Monar-
chy to an Absolute, Uncontroulable, and Unlimited Sway; and the People to an Orthodox, Couchant, Bigotted State of Slavery.

But that the Infallible Maxims of Polity, where-
by your All-subduing Majesty arrived to this indisput-
able Power. may now at length, shine forth in their Native Lustre, and convince the stupid World, how impossible it was for them to hinder the Ac-
complishment of your glorious Purposes; I shall with all humble Reverence, presume to open the sacred Cabinet of your most Christian Intrigues, that the whole World may see how Unavoidable it is for them to become your Vassals.

The Foundation of that stupendious Machine upon which the whole Texture of your Majesties Glorious Projects have moved, may aptly fall under these four Considerations, mention'd in the begin-
ing

ing, which gives an undeniable Demonstration of your profound Sagacity, and the great *Ascendence* you have acquired over Princes of inferior Allay. I shall touch these in Order, and speak,

1 First of your *Council*, which may be divided into two Parts, *Simple* and *Mixt*.

That which I call *Simple*, is either the unpounded Advice which is taken from the mighty *Oracles* of Cardinal *Mazarine's* Papers, when the *Great Lewis* retires into the Conclave of his Closet to consult his *Father*, Guardian and Tutor, who having the *Ambition* of an *Ecclesiastick*, and the *Subtily* of a *Statesman*, easily foresaw; 'twas impossible for *France* to encrease, as long as that Great Captain, and Politician *Cromwel*, sat at the Helm of *England*: Therefore 'twas necessary to Contract private *Alliances* with the *Exil'd Princes*, and to give them such measures, that *France* might always keep the *Ascendent*.

He that considers the state of your Majesty's Kingdom in the Year 60, and the prodigious *Increment* it is arriv'd to since, may easily be satisfied in this.

—But the more *simple Council* is, when your most *August* Monarchship consults en'y your own *Will* and *Pleasure*; and then by an *Uncontroulable* Power, raise an *ARMY* to thaw the Snow off the sides of the *Alpes* with their *Encampments*, whilst the *Vicar General* at *Rome* is compelled to set up the *Picture* and *Flashtment* of your *Divinity* above that of his *Holiness*; and by a formal *Embassy* to supplicate, That the *Trophies* of your *Glorious* Victories may be enclosed from the publick View, lest the *Inhabitants* of *Rome* fall to their old Excess of *Loyalty*, to *Deifie* their *Emperour*.

Your *mixt Council* is such, as of whom it may without *Vanity* be said, That no Prince in the World, except the Prince of *Darkness* himself, ever saw the *Fellows* of them: Their *Councils* so *close* and *dark*; Their *Designs* so *Impenetrable* and *deep*, as if brooded in the *Infernal Region*: Nor has it been in the power of your *Enemies*, with all their *Subtity*, to bring their amazing *Projects* to *Light*, till they have discovered themselves by the *Radiant Beams* of *Opulent Cities* all on *Fire*, and *Fertile Villages* in *Blaze*. What did they ever stick at, that might advance the *Grandure* of your *Throne*, and spread your devouring *Legions* over the *Neighbouring Provinces*? Have they not precipitated your Majesty on all those *Glorious Enterprizes* that must render you the most accomplish'd of *Heroes*, and *Eternize* your *Memory* in the same *fragrant* and *immortal Roll* with *Julian*, *Tarquin*, and *Heliogabalus*? With what *Indefatigable Zeal* have your great *Ministers* been lifting up the *Reputation* of your *Faith* and *Veracity*, of which the *Exiling* your *Protestant*

Subjects, and *Ravaging* the *Territories* of your *Neighbour Princes* and *Allies*, are such standing *Testimonies*, that they have rais'd *Monuments* to your *Fame*, that will out-last your *Sun*, *Pillars* and *Triumphal Arches*. So that what was once said of your *Neighbouring Cergy*, may now with greater Reason be apply'd; *Clerus Britannicus* and *Triumphal Arches*, may very aptly be recorded of your *Matchless Council*: They are, like their *suspending Master*, the *Wonder* and *Astonishment* of the rest of *Mankind*. And when your *Sultan's* desire to sit in *Divan* among them, you look so like the *Son of the Sun*, or *Jupiter Hammon*, or what you please, that compared to your *Greatness*, all your *Predecessors* look'd but like *Tooth-drawers* or *Jacob Pullings*.

2. And this, most *August* Monarch, brings me to the second Head (*viz.*) your *Allies*, which I speak you no less formidable than your *Council*. If the strength of a Monarch be to be Calculated from the considerableness of his *Alliances*, Those of the *Mighty Lewis* cannot but speak your Majesty very terrible to the Opposers of your *Greatness*; for that, having for many years contracted an *Amity* with your *Brother* of the *Alcora*. He hath on his part so irrefragably stuck to your powerful Interest, that it hath not only cost the displacing one *Emperour* from the *Throne*, but endangered the total shaking off the *Empire* from this *present Sultan*: Notwithstanding which, so *Inviolable* are his *Resolutions* of preserving your Majesty's *Friendship*, that he prefers it above the *Contemptible Throne* of *Mabomet*; and there being so great a *Resemblance* in your *Designs*, there is no fear of his falling off, unless some unhappy Difference should arise betwixt the *Muslim*, and the *Archbishop of Paris* about *Precedence*.

Others, which your *Immenfe Wisdom* admitted to the Honour of your *Friendship*, were the two *Kings of Great Britain*, who likewise postponing Considerations to that of serving your exalted Interests, gave up themselves and their *Councils* to be wholly at your Majesty's *Disposal*. The first of them was so entirely devoted to the pursuit of his *senfible* Appetites, as if the *Safety*, *Honour* and *Wealth* of his Kingdoms had not appertained to his *Care*, but that all the *Trust*, *Power*, and *Interest* he was exalted with had been only entrusted with him to aggrandize your sacred *Sultanhip*, and to capacitate your Majesty for the attaining your *vast unbounded Design*. 'Twas this gave the rise to that mighty *Flota*, which from your Majesty justly claims the Name of *Invincible*: This was it, That made him hold the *Neighbouring Princes* in *subpence* with *Treaties*, *Leguages* and pretended *Alliances*, till your Majesty had by an unparalel'd Method taken their *Provinces*, and *Territories* into your powerful *Protection*, and *Possession*. And it was this made the *Faith* and *Conduct* of the

of your Prince of very little Reputation amongst the Potentates of Europe, as was well and notably expressed to your victorious Majesty, upon delivering up the Keys of the City of Ghent, and laying them at your Illustrious Feet.

The last of these by an Act of superlativeness, inimitable and unrepresented Friendship, so absolutely renowned his own Interest to his Crown; and Kingdoms, he relinquished; and abdicated them All, rather than not follow that incomparable Pattern, your Majesty had set him, to compel all his People to submit to what Law, and what Religion the unwearied Wisdom of a Prince, who alone aspired to the glory of being like your Majesty, should think fit to set up. Oh! had his Troops been so good Apostles as heartily obeyed, and praised, as it was preach'd, inculcated, what a happy Reformation had been wrought on the Face of the Earth? How boundless had been the Extent of your Glorious Empire? Who could not have been of a Religion recommended by your most Christian Monarch? And why, since your Potent Predecessors of Assyria, Persia, Ethiopia, Rome, and your present Ally at the Port, have not Allocated to themselves a Power (some of them) not to determine the Modalities of Worship, but to cost the very Gods too; should the more potent Lewis not deny'd setting up Temples, and Altars to whom from thinks fit; Yea even to your most sacred self, if so Royally inclined? Hath not a late Bishop & Empowered the Magistrate to set up any Religion he thinks most agreeable to the Nature and Ends of Government? and ought such a Glorious Prerogative to be parted with? No, farewell Crown! farewell Dominion! — It were much better, with my greatest Master, to be content to keep a Nursing Room, and to be the Cradle of a growing Prince at St. Germans, than to be head of such a Refractory People.

What Prince in the Universe could ever be haply altered in his Allies? 'tis in the Choice of these that the Fire of your great Wisdom shines to the Admirer of them of all the Courts in Christendom! Was ever so sensible, was ever Constancy, and Sincerity like theirs? Who look into all the other Actions of their Lives, and but the will find them bear no proportion with their Filial Duty to your Majesties most Attractive, Charming, and grand All-Obtaining Interest.

Our Ma. A Third head to be spoken to is your Invincible Armies, the Terror of which hath put the whole World under Contribution to your matchless Prowess! If I dare not the Gates of more Cities opened to your Neighbours, than ever were broken open by your Bombs? Legions not your Lewis's Dr. or contributed more to your late Conquests within, than ever your Baneries, and your Troops could arrive to without! What General ever so mounted so successful an Artillery? These never-fail of the Petards have turned so vastly to your Majesties

Interest; That out of an unexampled Piece of Polity, your most Christian Majesty hath ordered the Coynning-up of your Household-Plate, and the Church-Plate, into Battering Pieces of that Kind: And having heard of a War maintained by Bolkins, and Trimbles, your Majesty hath resolved to try how a Storm of Candle-Cups, Candlesticks, Basons, and Church-Plate will succeed. This unaccountable Stratagem can never fail of attaining Wonders; especially if the Titular Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Burgundy lead the Van. Of your other Artillery I shall take leave to speak when there is Occasion.

4. That singular, and auspicious Conduct which hath managed, and given Reputation to all your Majesties Actions. shall be the last thing I will now presume to mention, and trouble your Royal Patience withal! And, herein, it must be acknowledged your Majesty hath out-done all former Precedents. Hath not the ever victorious Flames reduced Ireland? Is not Monsieur Catinat in the Bowels of Savoy? were not the Dutch Troops all cut to pieces in the Plain of Flerus, and the English Fleet sunk to the Bottom of the Sea, all but about Eighty Sail now in quest of the victorious French Fleet? Are not all the Maritime Towns in England burnt, their Country Ravaged, and have given their late King, Queen, and the Prince of Wales for Hostages, that they will be Loyal and Obedient Vassals to your Majesty for the future? If this Honour be denied to your Majesty after so many glorious Efforts of your inimitable Courage, and Conduct, what can be hoped from a blind, sordid, and ungrateful World?

I am not ignorant the Censorious part of Mankind think, that the equipping the most Glorious Fleet that ever put to Sea out of the Ports of France; and that to a Charge so stupendiously great, that it hath sunk the mighty Heaps your Majesty hath been for many Years past Ravaging from the rest of Europe; They think the prodigious Charge of that Fleet, and the Army in Ireland have not been answered by Successes of either. They little consider the Glory that is acquired by burning the Fisherboats, and Cottages at Tingenmouth; and the vast Reputation Monsieur Lauzun and my self have purchased to our-selves by fortifying Linrick, and Galloway, from whence we have Convenience of Retiring, when we can stay no longer! And what will their Great Captain and Leader King William have Conquered after all the expensing his Person, and fatigue of his Army, but a bare Skeleton of a Kingdom; a Country depopulated, and depopulated? And such your great Wisdom hath taken Care the French Kingdom shall be, if ever the Confederate Arms should possess themselves of their Dividends there.

We have not omitted, Mighty Sir, to smother the At-tar of St. Patrick every Day, and to call upon all our Tutelar Guardians, Male, and Female; but whether they are so busied in preparing Equipages to grace your solemn Triumphs, or whether they are resolved to

your

your Majesty shall have the Glory of your Acquests entirely to your self; certain it is we have not been able to prevail with them, to set one Finger to the work; which makes our Enemies vociferate, as if the Day were their own: Nothing can give *ebecque* to their Insolence, but the Pomps of your Majesties *Triumphal Medals, Statues, and Arches*; and rather than let the *Notion* of your Victories yet out of your Peoples heads; had I the Honour to be of your *supream Divan*, my humble Motion should be, that *Lustrations, Ovasions, and a General Jubile* should be proclaimed; That if the *Enemies Troops* come into your Country, they may find such Marks of Joy and Satisfaction, that may prevail with them to lay down their Arms, and put themselves under the happy Government of so clement a Monarch: Or if that shall not prevail with them to omit the Prosecution of their *Revengeful Purposes*, How glorious, and unpresidential will it be for your *Invincible Monarchship* to expire *Phoenix-like* in your own Nest of Spices at *Versailles*!

To conclude this swelling Paper, How very temptible must the great *Alexander, and Caesar*, upon themselves to be, when they shall consider much greater *Lewis* in all his Glories, amidst *Altar Triumphs, Acclamations and Statues*, sitting down an undisturbed Calmness, like a *Roman Deity*, employing a Game at Cards with *Madam Mainini* his Pompous *Trianon*, for the next *To-be-conquering Kingdom*, or else diverting himself amongst his *ser-vants*: And that shall see the *Mighty James* lose with *Lawrels and Triumphs*, forsake his growing *glories* to come, and shake a *Roule* to his *Miraculous Prince* at *St. Germain's*? Who, I say, can behold unexampled Heroes; thus innocently entertaining themselves amidst the unintelligible Crouds of their humble Adorers? This, *Mighty Conquerour*, is the *pinest* I most Ambition, and shall take the first opportunity to number my self amongst these *Throng*: I am,

*Most Dread,
Most Invincible,
Most Tremendous Monarch,*

*Your Most Christian Majesties,
Most Bigotted,
Most Stupid, and
Most Constant
Vassal, Adorer and Admirer,*

TYRCONNEL

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